

SERIAL STORY

MURDER TO MUSIC

BY NARD JONES

CAST OF CHARACTERS MYRNA DOMBEY—heroine, wife of the sensational singer...

Yesterday, Tait rescues Myrna, taking her out of her basement prison when Weeks bolts in the doorway, gun in hand.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

TAIT'S first lightning thought was that Weeks must not recognize him. He could see the musician's gaunt figure plainly, framed in the doorway—but he knew that Weeks could be certain of nothing except that someone had gained entrance to Myrna's prison room.

His fingers biting deep in Myrna's shoulders, Tait pushed her toward the side of the room, and at that moment Weeks' voice roared out, "Come on... out here, or I'll shoot."

Almost immediately a shot crashed into the room through the open doorway, and Weeks, bewildered and blind in the darkness, followed the direction of his revolver. From the side of the room Tait rushed out. In his hands was the only weapon he had been able to discover—a chair. With all his strength he brought it down across the neck and shoulders of Weeks.

The sight of the stairway and the silence behind him were the greatest relief that Bob Tait had ever known in his lifetime. Half dragging Myrna beside him, he rushed through the dingy lobby and out into the street. The taxi was still there!

"The Claremont," Tait gasped.

HE had scarcely closed the cab door behind himself and Myrna when the gears meshed and the cab roared away. They had gone the space of six or seven blocks when he realized that he was clutching Myrna tight in his arms. Embarrassed, he relinquished his nervous hold.

"You—-are you all right?" She nodded slowly. "Yes." She managed a smile. "I'm still scared, though."

Tait laughed in sheer relief. "That was a foolhardy thing I did back there. But I didn't want Weeks to recognize me."

"Weeks?" Myrna looked at him, puzzled. "How did you know his name?"

He told her of the advertisement in the classified column of the newspaper, and of how he had listened at Harris Rogers' door. "How did he manage to kidnap you?"

"I went for a walk," Myrna said. "There was a car at the curb and this man was in it. He pretended he was ill when I went by. I went to the car and the next thing I knew I was in that horrible room. He—the man is crazy. I was afraid to move." Myrna shuddered.

"You're all right now," Bob Tait said. "When you were in that room did you ever hear Rogers?"

"Myrna shook her head. "Weeks didn't have any visitors, except Leonard Macy."

"Macy? Are you sure?" "Yes. I heard him introduce himself."

"What did they talk about?" "I don't know. After Macy came in and introduced himself, Weeks lowered his voice and so did Macy. I couldn't hear what they were saying."

Tait frowned. "I wonder if that fake criminologist isn't mixed up in this, and trying to palm off the

blame on you?" "What do you mean, Bob?" "Tait's arm went around her shoulder again. "Forget it. You've enough to worry about. The thing I want you to do is get back to the Claremont and show yourself to Anne. She's frantic."

"I can imagine. She warned me not to leave the place alone, but I insisted and said she was foolish."

"Well, it's a sort of a party. And it's important that you come. Will you?"

"Of course, Bob. Only—" She stopped, put a hand on his arm. "You look so tired and worried, Bob. I'm afraid I've been a frightful nuisance. After all, there's no reason why you should—"

He stopped her with a look. "We've a date, then. Only I'm asking you and Anne to meet me at the Golden Bowl. I'll have to make some arrangements. Say at 9 o'clock."

"Nine o'clock," Myrna smiled. Not until the doors of the Claremont had closed behind Myrna did Bob Tait give the taxi driver the signal to go on. "I want to go down to police headquarters," Tait said.

DANNIE FEELEY greeted him angrily. "Look here, Tait! Where in the devil is Myrna Dombey?"

"At the Claremont—where she lives," Tait said. "Then you've just taken her there."

Tait flushed despite himself. "I'll have to admit that, Dannie. But anyhow she's there."

"But she wasn't! That's the point. Barkley's been here, Bob, and he's raising the works and putting a prop under them. He found out Myrna had flown the coop—and you left me all unbuttoned by not telling me. I didn't know it. Barkley said he'd been made a fool of, and now he's going to make one out of me. It might interest you to know that he's going to spring a story in the papers tomorrow. And that means Myrna Dombey's goose is cooked."

The detective regarded Tait sourly. "Where was she? On a little vacation? Did you ever happen to draw her a picture of the fact that she's charged with murder?"

"She was kidnaped by George Weeks," Tait said. "I followed Weeks this afternoon—and he went to Rogers' apartment. I overheard them talking about Myrna. Weeks had her hidden at the Belvedere Hotel. I just now dropped her off at the Claremont."

Feeley's eyes widened and his ample jaw dropped slowly. "I'm giving a little party tonight," Tait went on, "and I'd like to have you come, Dannie."

"A party, is it! This mess and you're giving a party! I suppose it's in honor of Myrna going to the chair—and me losing my job!"

"I hope not, Dannie. Will you come?"

The Irishman's eyes narrowed now. "I got a hunch you mean business. Who's going to be there?"

"I'm asking Anne Lester and Myrna. Harris Rogers, Leonard Macy, Nelda Starr—and yourself."

"What about your screwy musician? Surely you're going to invite him to the party?"

"Have you forgotten, Mr. Farnsworth? He's going to be featured tonight with 'The Swingsters'!" (To Be Continued)

Aaron Ashurst, Ray Martin and Ben Trippet, all Pelican Rifle club members, qualified and made the trip to the national meet at Camp Perry, Ohio this fall. This was only possible after eliminating many other Oregon shooters at Clakamas, Oregon.

A liberal is a man who is willing to spend somebody else's money.—Senator Carter Glass of Virginia.

FLAPPER FANNY

By Sylvia



"Maybe the hero uses a double, but don't tell me good ole White King does—that horse is a real ACTOR."

OUT OUR WAY

BY J. R. WILLIAMS

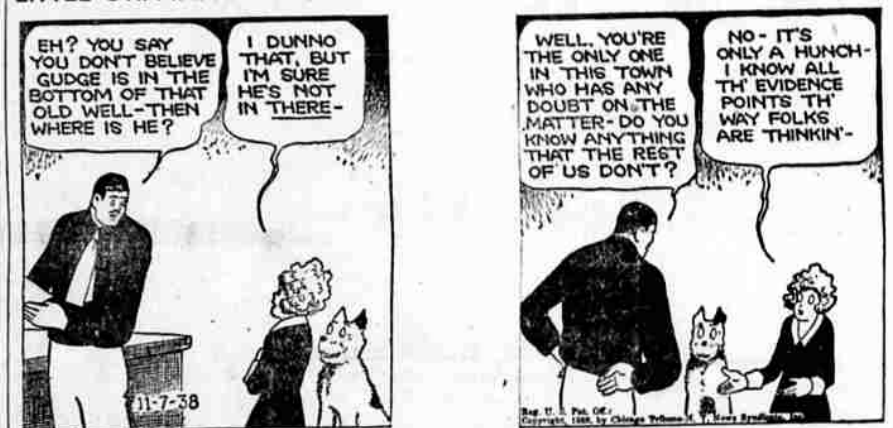


CLOSE RELATIONS

MYRNA NORTH, SPECIAL NURSE



LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



WASH TUBBS



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With MAJOR HOOPLE



BY THOMPSON AND COLL



BY HAROLD GRAY



BY BLOSSER



BY CRANE



BY MARTIN

